THE

Loſt Maiden-head:

OR,

SYLVIA's Farewell to Love.

A NEW

SATYR

AGAINST

MAN.

Licenſed, *March* 25. 1691.

LONDON,
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By way of Epiſtle:

To all the Beaus, and Fortune-Hunters of this lewd Town of *London*.

GENTLEMEN,

HEre's *a ſmall* piece of your own Handy-work, *which you can't wonder is at laſt* come home t'ye, *and which is ſo extremely* like ye, *ſo much the very* picture *of ye, that all the world will certainly* cry ſhame *of ye if you don't* own *it. T'has indeed all thoſe remarkable* Features *you are ſo juſtly* proud *of, and you can never find a better* Glaſs *wherein to ſee your own* Conſtancy, Chaſtity, Innocence, *&c. Never ſay 'tis a* Baby of Clouts, *a thing only made up for a* Scare-crow, *with no more* Life *or* Soul *in't than you your ſelves after a* Debauch: *Don't tell me that* Sylvia *here is but a* Cheat, *a* Whim-

ſey, *a* Name *without any* Truth *or* Reality *belonging to't, for I appeal to your own* Ingenuity, *whether (if you don't lie confoundedly) you can't bring a* Hundred Inſtances *a-piece of ruin'd* Virgins, *who when you have run away with* all they had, *beſides their* Tongues, *turn errand* Termagants, *rail, curſe and very heartily* wiſh *you*--what *you ſo often* wiſh'd your ſelves *a little before if you ever* left *'em. I have but a very ſmall* parcel of buſineſs *with ye more, being only to tell ye from* Sylvia *that if you* rail *at her never ſo much ſhe has for once got the* Whip-hand *of ye; ſhe has, like the* French, *firſt* open'd the Campaign, *and is pretty* even *with you before you have* begun, *for all the dreadfull things you can do when once you ſet about it, and ſhe gives you free leave to call to mind a piece of Good advice which you may have read often enough againſt a Poſt*---- READ, TRY, JUDGE, *and* SPEAK *as you* FIND.

THE

A SATYR, &c.

SYLVIA of late a *Coquett* of Renown,
The briskeſt, airieſt *little thing* in *Town*,
E're *Love* and *Man* did her fond *Heart* betray:
Sylvia the wild, the witty and the gay,
In *Balls* and *Treats* her eaſie moments paſt,
And thought her *Youth* and *Joys* wou'd ever laſt:
And long they might had not her wayward *Fate*
Decreed her happy Reign a ſhorter Date.
Her *Fate* or *Folly* was't?
Tho' ſhe with neither juſtly quarrel can,
What ruin'd more than both was perjur'd *Man*.

A *favour'd Lover* who one fatal *Day*,
When ſhe and all her *Vertues ſlumbring* lay,
Stole both her *Heart* and *Maidenhead* away:
She *wake't*, and found him *gone*, while *ſhame*, *diſgrace*,
Vexation and *Deſpair* ſupply'd his place,
With *Daggers* fill'd her *Breaſt*, with *Bluſhes* fill'd her [*Face*;
While he to every *Tavern-Friend* will boaſt,
How ſmall a Price ſo great a *Conqueſt* coſt,
How ſoon, how willingly the *Town* was *loſt*.
Fill'd with deep *Bowls* of Vengeance to the Brim,
She ſcorns her *Rage* ſhou'd be appeas'd with *Him*,
Charg'd to the full with juſt Revenge before,
Leſt ſhe ſhould *Split*, lets ſome few *drops* run o're,
At all the *Sex* let fly, and thus began
To laſh that uglieſt, worſt of *Monſters*, *Man*.

Shame--- I defie thee, ſince my *Vertue's* loſt,
Why ſhoud'ſt thou any longer keep thy *Poſt*?
Thoſe who have *Hope of Life* may *Fence* and *Ward*,
The *Deſp'rate* never ſtand upon *their Guard*.

O---

O---cou'd I all the hated *Sex* confound,
And with one *Stab* both *Soul* and *Body* wound:
Cou'd I entail *Diſeaſes* and *Diſgrace*,
With worſe than *Scotch Revenge Clap all their Race*,
Mankind a Victim to my Vengeance fall,
The *Univerſe* but one great *Hoſpitall*,
I'd willingly for *twenty Ages* live,
And feel each *Torment* that I them cou'd *give*.
What *Names* of *Villany* ſhall I invent?
What new unthought, unheard of *Puniſhment*
Thoſe worſt of Brutes to *Brand* and to *Torment*?
But that our Satyrs *Juſtice* may be clear,
The *Murd'rers* firſt ſhall their *Inditement* hear:
Hold up your *Hands* loſt wretches at the *Bar*!
Thoſe *Hands* with which, high-rais'd to *Heav'n*, you [ſwore
You'd the deluded *Fair* eternally adore:
With which ſo many *Billets* you have writ
Full of falſe *Paſſion* and deceitfull *Wit*;
Anſwer for all your black and fowl *Eſcapes*;
Your *Treaſons*, *Murthers*, *Perjuries* and *Rapes*;

Your

Your *Lies*, your *Thefts*, your *Blaſphemies* and *Pride*,
And all the *Dreadfull Roll* of *Sins* beſide,
Loaded with which you'll to *Perdition* go,
And ſink into a *Lake*, as far below
The place where the leſs guilty *Devils* fell,
As *Heav'n* it ſelf's remov'd from deepeſt *Hell*.

Reaſon you claim, but prove it if you can.
Yours only---No, 'tis *Pride*'s the *Soul* of *Man*.
With *eaſe*, 'tis true, you will *your ſelves* perſuade
For *Man* the whole Creation's only made;
The *Earth*, the *Fire*, the *Air*, th' unruly *Waves*,
And *We* and every *Creature* elſe his *Slaves*.
Fancies the *Elements* tremble at his word,
And ſtiles himſelf their *Monarch*, and their *Lord*.
If on the *Floods* he frown they dare not ſtay,
But ſoftly roll to diſtant Shores away,
Bow their curl'd *Heads* and ſilently obey.
If he the *Sun* commands, he muſt ſtand ſtill,
Nor can he move one *ſtep* his flaming *Wheel*:

The

The *Moon* and *Stars* with all their cheerfull *Light*,
Are but his *Link-boys* when he walks by *Night*.
The *Winds* hold their rude *Breaths* till he is paſt,
" Or reverently in murmers breathe their laſt.
His *Shape* and *Form*'s divine, erect, and fair,
Contriv'd to taſte the lightſome Heav'nly *Air*,
Upright he ſtalks, the Skies and Stars can view,
(Tho' that as well his kindred *Monkies* do;)
All *Independent*, uncontroll'd and free,
Has *Springs of Action* in himſelf, and he
Of all the *Brutes* alone pretends to *Liberty*.
His *Mind* unforc'd and voluntary ſtill,
And half a *God* in *Intellect* and *Will*:
When *this* with ſtupid *Ignorance* is ſtain'd,
And *that* in *Vices Fetters* tamely chain'd,
When all his *Body* full of Plagues and Sin,
Without expreſſing every ail *within*,
With Angers Fever his hot Eye-balls roll,
Ambition's *Dropſie* ſwells his thirſty *Soul*;

Unconſtant as that *Sex* at which they rail
So oft when their *Allurements* can't prevail;
One ſingle blaſt of *Fancy* turns the Scale.
Judgment and *Senſe* are words they affect to uſe,
But either quite *neglect*, or them *abuſe*,
And if they *chuſe* at all, the *worſt* they chuſe.
Show me another *Beaſt* who e're did feel
Half his *Diſeaſes* --- ? ſee from *Head* to *Heel*
What odious, foul, deform'd *Contagions* breed,
And *Death*'s kind Hand for their Phyſician need:
No *Hoſpital* can cure 'em but the *Grave*.
---But I forget---- too *ſoberly* I Rave.
They in their heighth of *Pride* -----
Think *Woman* only made to be their *Slave*.
The very *Sex*, a *Brothel* built by *Jove*,
To hold their Superfluities of Love:
A *decent Ditch*, when the *Tide* runs too high,
By prudent *Nature* made to *drain it dry*.
Good ſerviceable *Beaſts of Burthen*, when
The *Journey*'s o're, turn'd out to *graze* agen.

Ah

Ah wou'd my *fond*, my *fooliſh Sex* purſue
(Almoſt as *fooliſh* and as *fond* as you)
Thoſe Maxims for their profit I'd lay down,
Wee'd quickly make you *tremble* at our *frown*;
Know how to value more the *ſlighted Bliſs*,
And half a day petition for a *Kiſs*-----
---Ah no---you never more ſhou'd come ſo near,
Wee'd *baniſh* you where we no more might hear
Your hated *Names*,---to ſome far diſtant place,
Better the *World* ſtood ſtill than you diſgrace
The *Age to come* with ſuch a *pois'nous Race*.
Or if we ſhou'd think fit to leave behind
The *beſt of bad*, juſt to *preſerve* our *kind*,
(And the *Example* wou'd be dangerous too,)
Drudges to *us* as we before to *you*,
What *Males* were born, wee'd *Eunuchs* make, or elſe,
With care *cruſh the young Vipers in their ſhells*.
Or if we them ſome *Nine-days* time allow,
Preſerve the ſprawling *Brats* ſome *ſport* to ſhow;

Then

Then in a *Puddle* them like *Kitlins* drown, [run;
Leſt their too numerous ſtock the *Houſe* ſhould over-
A very few wou'd be enough to ſtay
To eat the *Scraps*, and ſcare the *Rats* away.

If ſuch their *Pride*, *Hell* only knows their *Luſt*,
Nor need they more---'twill ſcorch their *Souls* to duſt.
If with no *Objects ſlake't*—— O *Aretine*,
Speak from thoſe *ſooty flames* which round thee *twine*
Whoſe *Fire* the hotteſt is, or *Ours* or *Thine*?
Who all thoſe ſhapes of Sin did firſt invent,
For which the *cooler Fiends* thee now torment
With equal'd various ſhapes of *Puniſhment*?
Men blame *us* that we *early* learn to ſin,
But how much *ſooner* all *their Sex* begin?
Had they but *ſtrength*, like that *inceſtuous Twin*
Which Hiſtories deſcribe, who mix'd before
They came to *Light*, i'th' very *Womb* they'd *whore*.
Debauch the *Nurſe* as at her *Breaſt* they lay!
And like hot *Jove*, on their own *Siſters* prey.

For

For when to *School* they firſt each other lead,
They'll *Bawdy-Books* before the *Horn-book* read;
Nay ſell their very *Teſtament* for fail,
Or ſwap it for ſome *Godly Book* with —
One *Form* the other teach, and by degrees
They'r tolerably skill'd in *Wickedneſs.*
From height of Villany each other prize,
And faſter far in *Luſt* than *Learning* riſe;
Till, by fifteen, by ſome lewd *Strumpet* met,
Or *Father's Maid*, a Brat or Clap they get:
This *Nurſt*, that *Cur'd*, to th' *Univerſity*,
If, as ſometimes, they'r next remove ſhou'd be,
They faſter there
Proceed in *Wickedneſs* than in *Degree*,
And on fowl *Trulls* contriv'd by *Providence*
As *Antidotes* to all *Concupiſcence*,
Ugly as is the naſty *Sin* they act,
Beget their *Like*, and when at laſt the *Fact*
Betrays it ſelf, the *Father* is *conceal'd*,
(Poor Creature, he'd be *ruin'd* if *reveal'd*)

For when the little *Baſtard* comes to Town,
On *Valuable Conſideration*,
Some ragged *Scrape-Trencher* the *Brat* muſt own;
Who dares accuſe them for't? now all is well,
Their *Reputation* tight, and ſound's a *Bell*;
If any ſawcy Wights againſt them prate,
They've *Friends* which them will----*ay that they will.*

Next they'll to th' *Inns of Court* perhaps repair,
Find *cleanlier Whores*, and *Gowns* leſs *ragged* wear,
Stroll every *Night* from *Playhouſe* to the *Stews*,
Or in the *Morning* their neat *Laundreſs* uſe:
Cuckold their *Barber* by ſome fine Intrigue,
And ſlily cheat at once of *Wife* and *Wig*;
Or at ſome well frequented *Tavern* near,
Tip the ſly wink to the kind *Barr-keeper*;
Or wanting her aſſiſtance *Scowr the Street*,
And like *mad Oxe* run over all they meet;
Till in the *Counter* or a *Hot-Houſe* penn'd,
They've time their *Bodies* and their *Souls* to mend.

Think

Think on their *Fames* irreparable ſtain,
In *Tub of Tribulation* roar for pain, [again.
And vow they'll *Whoring leave*----till they *come out*

But this, alas! is but the firſt degree,
The cold Efforts of *Northern Lechery*,
Is there no worſe? ---- ſpeak conſcious *Italy*.
Each *Eminent* Sinner there your ſilence break,
Speak you, and O thou *Holy Lecher* ſpeak!
What *Sins* you act, nor ever ſeek the *dark*,
And why you make the *Stews* your *Churches mark?*
Let all thoſe miſerable Wretches tell,
Who there for *Sodoms* Sins feel *Sodoms* Hell!
Let thoſe who have on *Sodoms* vice refin'd,
Thoſe who have chang'd not only Sex but *Kind*,
Where frighted *Beaſts* cannot in ſafety feed,
Where injur'd *Turkies gobble* out the *deed*.

I might go on, and tell ye in a trice,
The many *humorous freaks* of this *fowl Vice*,

What

What various *Scenes* the *Eaſtern World* affords,
What *Emperors* have done, and *Kings* and *Lords:*
But there's a thouſand Sins that call me on
To laſh your Sex--- I muſt with *this* have done,
And now to your *Unconſtancy* be gone.

No doubt when I this *Accuſation* bring,
You ll think't an *Inconſiderable thing*,
Hardly worth *Naming* this, nor worth the *time*
To anſwer---'tis a *Vertue* not a *Crime*,
You'll *laughing* fall--- perhaps too, *witty* be,
And ſwear you'r *Conſtant in Unconſtancy* ;
How can we juſtly thoſe *Unconſtant* call
You'll ſay who *alwaies* are in *Love with all* ?
But, Sir, if this *Excuſe* will ſerve for *you*,
I hope *our* Sex as well may *uſe it too.*
For a *Juſt Anſwer* you'll not *this* receive,
Nor muſt you think to *take* unleſs you'll *give.*
The *Waves*, the *Winds*, the Vows of *Whores* are true,
And firm as *Fates Decrees* compar'd to *you.*

Tell

Tell me how far this *Wave* will *wet* the *ground*,
Or in what *Point* the *Wind* will next be found,
When 't has juſt *ſhifted* all the *Compaſs* round:
Then I'll pretend, and not before, to find
What *Oaths* ſufficient are the *Faith* to *bind*
Of falſe, deceitfull, *perjur'd*, *damn'd Mankind*:
Nay at the very *Gods* themſelves you *ſcoff*,
Pretending that at *Lovers Vows* they *laugh*;
That careleſs of your *Broken Oaths* they be,
And make 'em *Partners* in your *Perjurie*.
Thus have you often *ruin'd* and betray'd
The *Hearts* of ſome too kind *believing Maids*:
Thus did my *Traitor mine*--but had I known
His *Treaſon* e'er the *Panther's Face* was ſhown;
E'er to my *Heart* or *Breaſt* I'd let him come,
I'd have *embrac'd* ſome *Viper* in his room;
Or *Aſps*, which *Cleopatra's Lovers* were,
And cur'd at once her *Paſſion* and *Deſpair*,
Or to the *Hilt* had plung'd a *Dagger* there.

Too credulous *Sex*, by my ſad *ruin* learn
Your Lover's *Truth* from *Falſhood* to diſcern;
Or if you think that task *impoſſible*,
Remember my *advice*, for I can tell,
By ſad *Experience*, what will *ſerve* as well;
Think 'em *all falſe*, for *all are falſe* as *Hell*.
Laugh at their *Tears*, as they wou'd *yours* deſpiſe,
Shou'd they but once obtain their wiſh'd-for *prize*;
And *ſhun*, like *Death*, for ever *ſhun* their *Eyes*.
Their *Eyes*, their *Tears*, their *Voice*, their *amorous Smiles*,
Worſe than th' *Hyæna*'s or the *Crocodiles*.
This will without *Inſults* his *Prey* devour,
And *that* the murder'd *Carkaſs* will *deplore*;
But *falſer Man* when once his *work* is done,
Triumphing leaves the Prey, his *Tears* are gone,
Tho' 'twou'd *retrieve* what's paſt, he has not *one*.
'Tis not enough that he the *Conqueſt* gain,
Unleſs he *Triumphs* too, (ſo proud! ſo vain!)
Unleſs th' *Inglorious Captive* wears his *chain*.

Witneſs

Witneſs ſad *Leuca's Rock*, and witneſs you
Whom dark *deſpair* and *falſhood* thither drew!
Each naked *Shade* upon the *Stygian* Coaſt,
Still kept *behind* 'em while ſo many *croſst*,
In *Lands* of reſtleſs pain for ever loſt.

But even *Inconſtancy*, your *Darling* Vice,
Muſt now make room for griping *Avarice*:
How juſtly our *Sex* you charge with *loving Gold*,
Who at a *Price* by yours are *bought and ſold*.
Who firſt, allur'd by its deceitfull *Shine*,
Went down and fetcht it from its *native Mine*.
Conjur'd that Spirit up, which firſt did dwell
So very near its own dark manſion, *Hell*;
But tho it readily *obey'd* your *call*,
You cannot *lay* it till t'has *damn'd* you all:
Your *Selves*, your *World*, 'twill into ſhivers tear,
And *ſcatter* the torn *Reliques* round the *Air*.
Yet this your *Idol* is, for this you'll part
With any *Vice*, tho ne'er ſo *near your Heart*.

This

This *Vertues*, *Beautys*, *Merits* place ſupplies,
The beſt *Love-powder* 'tis to cloſe your *Eyes*.
She that wants *this*, tho prudent, chaſt and fair,
She, think you, *all things* wants and muſt *deſpair*:
Or if you ought like *Love* vouchſafe to ſhow,
Like *Waſps* at *Honey*, 'tis but *touch and go*.

Guilty or Not—— a thouſand *Ghoſts* ſtand by,
A thouſand *Fiends* if you theſe *Facts* deny,
Each *Town*, each *Kingdom*, every *Place* and *Age*
Are markt with your *black Luſt*, *Revenge*, and *Rage*,
Unconſtancy, and *Treachery*, and *Pride*;
'Tis now too *late*, nor can they be *deny'd*:
Hear then the *Sentence* with *Deſpair* and *Fear*,
Thieves, *Villains*, *Lechers*, *Traytors*, *Murderers*, hear!
And that you in your *Pain* may find your *Sin*,
Wee'll with your *Luſt*, your Hell-born *Luſt* begin.

Impotent wiſhes *burn* you, vain *deſire*
Conſume your *Intrails* with a *ſilent* Fire

Like

Like *Ætna*'s hole, belch ſtinking *Sulphur* out,
All boiling *Flame* within, and *Froſt* without;
Till all your odious *Carcaſs* cruſted o're,
Appear one *Scab*, one noiſome putrid *Sore*,
All *burnt* and *ſcorcht* like that *unhappy Shore*.
Till even the *Peſt-houſe* dare not you receive,
Leſt you ſhou'd there a *worſe Infection* leave:
Expos'd to *publick view*, to fit your *Pride*,
Without one *Rag* your running *Wounds* to hide;
Till thence ſo faſt the pois'nous *Matter* flow,
It marks a *Track* behind where e're you go:
Till cleanlier *Lepers* wou'd not near you *lie*,
And even the ſqueamiſh *Hogs* forſake their *Stie*,
When you *intrude into their Company*:
Or *fled* by all, or *forc'd* from Place to Place,
Like *wounded Deer*, by all the Brutal race;
Till of ſome *Dunghill* ſafe poſſeſſion got
Into the ſame *deliberately* you *rot*;
Then form ſome *Peſtilential vapour* there,
Which driv'n by *Winds* around th' infected *Air*;

You grow more fatal *now* than whilſt *alive*,
And *plague* and *poiſon* thoſe who yet ſurvive:
Variety of *Pains* their portion be,
To match and puniſh their *Inconſtancie*.
Now *cold*, now *hot*; now grinding *Aches* ſeize
Their *Limbs*, and ev'ry Hour ſome *new Diſeaſe*.
Stabb'd round, like *Porcupines*, from Head to Heel,
And every *Pore* a different *Torment* feel.
Fiſtula's, *Wounds* and *Ulcers* all about,
And now and then for *change*--the *Stone* or *Gout*.
Stranguries, *Colicks*, *Fevers*, *Quinzies*, *Gripes*,
Till all their *Bowels* rot like *Rags* of *Tripes*:
Yet ſo *damn'd Covetous*, that rackt with theſe,
They wou'd not pay one ſingle *Groat* for *eaſe*.
Then ſend juſt *Fate*, if yet thou art not weary
With *Plagues*, ſome cheating *Quack* or *Pothecary*;
Let 'em not *gratis* rot, but ſink their *Store*,
With *Glaſſes* pil'd from their *Bed-ſide* t' th' *Door*,
With which torment 'em *deeper* than *before*?

Bolus

Bolus on *Bolus* down their Gullets *cramm'd*,
And *Pills*, as Chain-ſhot into *Cannon* ramm'd:
Phyſick, which may of each *ill taſte* partake,
And all the *nauſeous Slops* their *Art* can make.
Squills, *Aloes*, *Myrrh*, ſweet, bitter, ſalt and ſow'r—
For *t'other* end—a *Gliſter once an Hour*.
I've done—and if there's any *this out-live*,
I'll out of meer *Compaſſion* them *forgive*.

FINIS.